

"It is high time to quit talking, now," observed the elder hunter in a softened tone, after they had left the run in their rear. "A body has to be quiet when he gets about the Indians, or they'll be mighty apt to get about him."

Elliot promised to keep silence. The two hunters now quickened their pace, though care was taken to bring their feet to the ground as lightly as possible. Wetzel, who walked before his youthful companion, continually glanced his well-practised eyes around him, penetrating the mazes of the forest on every side. He moved with surprising stillness, and never uttered a syllable, unless it might have been to check his comrade for making unnecessary noise.

When the hunters reached the mouth of Short creek, the sun was nearly ready to disappear behind the bold height on the opposite shore of the Ohio. The banks of the creek, at its confluence with the river, were abrupt, though not high, and covered even to their extreme borders with a luxuriant growth of pawpaws. The outer edge of the beach of either stream was dry and sandy; but a wide strip of wet and uncultured earth next to the water's edge, had been exposed to view by the recent subsidence of a freshet.

"This is the end of our tramp," whispered Wetzel to his companion. They were then standing at the lower angle of the junction of the streams—screened, however, from observation by the thick pawpaw grove which extended to the verge of the precipice.

"What is to be done, now?" asked the youth in a like low whisper.

"I'll see," said Wetzel. "You stay where you are, and do not budge a peg, nor make a bit of noise, while I go and look round a little."

He cautiously drew the branches aside, and glided through the bushes with a quietness peculiar to the skillful Indian hunter. After an absence of several minutes he returned, and made a signal to Elliot to follow him. The latter stepped forward as cautiously as he could, and accompanied Lewis a few rods up the creek bank, when the elder hunter called the attention of his companion to the stumps of two bushes, on which the recent marks of the hatchet were visible.

"This one," whispered Wetzel, stooping down to the nearer stump, "was cut by Old Cross-Fire himself."

"How do you know that?" inquired Elliot.

"Can't you see that it was cut by a left-handed man? The highest point of the stump is always where the heel of the hatchet cuts it; and that high point is next to us on this stump, and on the left side."

"I understand you," said the youth. "Your reasoning is conclusive that the bush was cut by a left-handed man."

"Now look at the other stump," resumed Wetzel, "and give me your idea about that."

Elliot carefully examined the second stump, and ventured his opinion promptly.

"This one," said he, "was cut by a right-handed man, because the highest point of the stump is on the right side."

"That's right, Elliot. I've learnt you that much, and it's worth minding too."

"Why is this information so valuable?"

"It's valuable on this account, Elliot: you see it shows us that there have been at least two red skins here—one left-handed and one right-handed one. The left-handed one is Old Cross-Fire, because he's the only left-handed man I know of in these parts; and the other, I judge, is one of his hangers-on."

"But might there not have been more than two, Lewis?"

"So there might, but we can't tell," said Wetzel, as he moved near the bank, and cast his keen eyes upon the bosom of the water. "There's another discovery I've made," he added. "Do you see that little green twig in the creek there?"

Elliot glanced his eye in the direction denoted by his comrade's finger, and answered in the affirmative.

"Well, Elliot, that little twig is fast to Old Cross-Fire's canoe, which is there sunk in the water; and I argue that these bushes here were cut to make forks to fasten it to the bottom."

"Very likely," said Elliot.

"And I now argue that there might have been one or more Indians taking care of the canoe, while the old dog and his imp come ashore to cut the forks."

"You reason like a philosopher, Lewis. I will soon become an expert hunter, under your tutorage."

"Now, Elliot," said the scout, "you go back to your old place and keep quiet, and have a bright look-out, while I slip around the point of that hill and see what's going on. Only be quiet, and do as I tell you. I'll be back before you get uneasy."

The two hunters separated: Elliot to seek his original cover, and the other to obtain some information of the expected enemy. The former examined the priming of his gun, and satisfied himself that everything was in proper order for service. He seated himself upon the ground and kept remarkably quiet—bussing his mind, most of the time, in fancying the situation of Rose. Sometimes he was ready to conclude that she had fallen a victim to savage cruelty, but he endeavored to dispel such gloomy ideas from his mind, and contemplate only the brighter side of the picture. He was unhappy, however, in spite of his efforts to restore his spirits to their wonted buoyance. In the midst of his meditations, he felt something strike him upon the shoulder from behind. He sprang upon his feet and discovered Lewis Wetzel standing near him.

"It's well I ain't an Indian!" said the latter.

Elliot was much mortified to think that he had allowed himself to be surprised so easily.

"Lewis, you have learned me another lesson," said he, "and I shall profit by it."

"See that you do, Elliot," replied Wetzel, in a low voice. "You must be quiet, now," he added, in a whisper.

"Did you see any thing?" asked Elliot.

"Yes; they are coming."

"Who?"

"Old Cross-Fire, and three others."

"And Rose?"

"She's safe enough, riding the little white pony, and Old Cross-Fire is leading it along."

"Lewis, I'll shoot the impudent scoundrel, if I die for it!" muttered the youth; and he clenched his teeth with rage.

"Hush, Elliot, hush! Do as I tell you and all will be well. Crouch down as low as you can, and be quiet."

"The old red-skinned wretch!" growled the young hunter.

"Be easy, boy!" said Wetzel; he is not to be shot, I tell you. I'll attend to him. Elliot, you are getting feverish; I see it on you already. Keep cool—keep cool—or you can never shoot to kill."

The eye of Wetzel was quick to perceive that his youthful comrade was laboring under some nervous excitement, occasioned by the novelty and probable danger of the situation in which he was placed.

"I'll be cool presently," he replied.

"Only do as I tell you, Elliot. Lay low, and draw your breath easy; and don't whisper another word, as you value your life, and Rose's too."

Some time elapsed before either made the slightest motion. At length, the tramping of the pony, approaching the creek, was distinctly heard; Elliot made a motion towards raising his head to obtain a sight of Rose, but his purpose was promptly thwarted by the brawny arm of his companion, who breathed, rather than whispered, in his ear, his favorite injunction, "Be quiet!"

Wetzel's head was placed behind a cluster of green leaves, through the interstices of which he was enabled to obtain a view of the shore of the creek, opposite the place at which the canoe was sunk. He observed Old Cross-Fire conduct the pony to the margin of the bank, at which place he lifted his captive to the ground. The sobbing of Rose at this time was quite audible. As the sounds fell upon Elliot's ear, he trembled with emotion; and might have infringed Wetzel's order, had not the latter, anticipating something of the kind, turned his face towards him, and frowned him into silence.

Old Cross-Fire, setting no store upon Rose's saddle, merely stripped the pony of its bridle, which he slung across the animal's back, and, with a second swing, threw it upon the beach below him. The pony cantered into the bushes, where it soon commenced feeding upon the wild grass at its feet. In another moment, the Indians had lifted Rose down the declivity, and their whole party appeared on the beach. Two of them waded into the creek as far as the twig which had been observed by Wetzel, where they plunged their arms into the water, and drew forth a wooden fork. Their canoe immediately rose to the surface. Dexterously throwing out the water it contained, they pushed it to the shore, where Old Cross-Fire and the other warrior had remained to stand guard over Rose. The fair captive was then placed in the bow of the canoe; one of the Indians seated himself in the centre; whilst another drew forth the paddle, stood erect in the stern and pushed off. The old chief and one Indian remained on the beach, probably to await the return of the canoe.

All of these motions were distinctly observed by Wetzel, who quickly matured his own plans. The moment the canoe was pushed off, he made signs to Elliot to be in readiness.

"Aim!" said he, in a scarcely audible whisper, "at the fellow in the middle of the canoe. Pin directly at his body, and don't pull till I give the word."

Elliot directed the muzzle of his gun towards the water, and just then had first view of the enemy. The sight of Rose slightly disconcerted him; but summoning all his manly energies into action, he cocked his rifle, and took accurate aim at the designated object. Wetzel, meanwhile, graduated his piece in nearly the same line of sight; and, at the instant the canoe reached the mouth of the creek, he gave the word, in a clear whisper—"Pull!"

Both rifles fired precisely at the same moment, blended their points, so admirably, that the ear could not have distinguished two separate discharges. Both Indians fell: the one in the centre of the craft dropped on its bottom; but the other, who had been standing upright in the stern, capsize the canoe in falling over. This was a contingency which Wetzel had, perhaps, not contemplated. He was prompt, however, in meeting it.

"Plunge in!" he whispered to Elliot, who had already made up his mind to do so, regardless of consequences. The youth dropped his rifle, and at one bound was over the bank, and at another in the water. He piled his limbs with almost super-human strength. A shot was fired on the shore, but he scarcely heard it, so eagerly was he bent upon saving Rose from the frightful death by which she was threatened. For a short period after Rose had been thrown into the water, her dress buoyed her upon its surface. Gradually, however, it became saturated with element, and in turn exercised an opposite influence. She was nearly exhausted when Elliot came to her relief. The youth brought the unconscious girl to the shore, and placed her in a position adapted to restore animation.

Before Elliot had swam for from the shore, Lewis Wetzel, with a celerity of motion peculiar to himself, had reloaded his rifle, and stealthily placed himself at the edge of the precipice, nearly over the two Indians who yet remained on the beach. The comrade of Old Cross-Fire had already raised his gun to his shoulder to fire at Elliot, when Wetzel gained his new position. The rapid motion of the youth, however, plunging his way through the water, somewhat baffled the savage; and before he had time to draw a satisfactory sight upon the swimmer, a ball from Lewis Wetzel's rifle pierced the Mingo's heart. At this moment, Old Cross-Fire was standing near his companion; his keen black eyes were directed towards the spot from which the two first shots were fired. His ample chest heaved from the working of the furies within; his nostrils were relaxed and distended alternately, and his giant frame was braced up to its full height. His prodigious rifle was held by his right hand, across the front of his body, ready to be placed to his left shoulder, at a moment's notice.

As soon as Wetzel fired his last shot, and before the Mingo chief had time to make a motion towards retreating, he dropped his gun, and leaped over the bank, with the fury of a tiger upon his long-sought enemy. The force with which he sprang upon Old Cross-Fire laid the savage at full length upon the beach, with one arm and a portion of his body buried in the mire. Wetzel himself sunk to his thighs in the mud, and found it impossible to extricate himself. He had, how-

ever, the advantage of the Indian; for the latter was lying prostrate somewhat stunned by the fall, and deprived, moreover, of the use of one of his arms. The hunter, whose side was now placed against the breast of the old chief, finding that his antagonist was reviving, seized his knife, and was about to plunge it into his heart, when the latter, by sweep of his long arm, encircled Wetzel's body, and nearly crushed him to death. The scout made several attempts to use his knife, but the excruciating pain he experienced from the iron hug of the Mingo, paralysed his power of action. At length Old Cross-Fire made a tremendous effort to turn himself; and in doing so relaxed his arm in some measure, which enabled Wetzel to inflict a deep stab in the chief's side, from which the red current of life spouted freely. The savage uttered a yell of anguish, and his arm fell powerless by his side. Wetzel continued to use his knife until the vital spark no longer animated the breast of his victim. The dead body of the Mingo, chief served the purpose of the victorious hunter in extricating his legs from the mire. He secured the scalp of Old Cross-Fire and his comrade—the bodies of the two Indians first killed having sunk to the bottom of the river.

It was now night, but the moon was up, and the stars shone brightly. Wetzel went in search of Elliot and Rose. He found the latter much revived, and the youth was tenderly supporting her weakened frame, and making her sensible of the leading events he had related. She expressed a wish to proceed home immediately. Lewis, after a short search, found the pony and his bridle. Rose was placed in the saddle, and the party returned in safety to the fort.

STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

A Proclamation for a Day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

If the honored fathers of New England, in their days of calamity and danger, found cause of thankfulness to God, and established the custom of an annual, united expression of gratitude and thanksgiving, it certainly becomes us, who reap in joy what they sowed in tears, both from reverence to their memories and the evident propriety of the example, devoutly to observe a custom, at once so simple and so useful.

I do therefore, with the advice of the Executive Council, appoint Thursday, the twenty-fifth day of November next, to be observed by the people of this State as a day for Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

Let us, on this time-honored anniversary, review, with grateful hearts, the many public and private blessings we have witnessed and experienced. Let us thank God for health, for peace, for plenty, for the guardian care which has given protection and support to all living things; for the beauty which has delighted and the bounty which has fed us; for the comforts and joys of domestic life: for all the consolations which have sustained and all the hopes which have cheered us; for the light which has been shed upon our path, and all the good influences which have advanced us in moral strength and Christian holiness, and awakened and cherished the kindly sympathies and benevolent feelings of our nature, and particularly for that moral movement which has already rescued thousands in our land from the degradation and misery of intemperance, and carried joy to the hearts, and happiness to the homes, of the disconsolate and despairing.

By the associations and intercourse of this religious festival may the ties of family affection and social union be strengthened, and may love to God, who is our father, and love to man, who is our brother, be awakened, and purified from all the dross of hypocrisy and selfishness. In remembrance to all the loving kindness of God to us and our fathers, let us from the heart thank Him for the past and take courage for the future, in the undoubting assurance that His mercies are measured, not by our merits, but our wants.

And the people of this State are requested to observe the day with the usual religious services, and to abstain from all unnecessary labor and inconsistent recreation.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Augusta, this sixteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, and of the Independence of the United States the sixty-sixth.

EDWARD KENT.

By the Governor:
SAMUEL P. BENSON, Sec'y of State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LATER FROM CHINA.

ATTACK ON THE CITY OF CANTON BY THE BRITISH.—Received by Harden's Express, in an Extra from the New York American, containing 11 days later news from Canton, brought by the ship Narragansett, at that port, whence she sailed June 1st.

Hostilities had again commenced, and trade had entirely stopped. Several factories had been destroyed and nearly all plundered by the rabble and Chinese soldiers. There were between 50 & 40,000 Tartars and Chinese troops in the city, in which the Men-of-war were pouring incessant volleys of shells and rockets in order to drive them into close engagement with the British troops on the heights.

The Narragansett evacuated in great haste, but saved all her papers.

Macao, May 29. The advices from the seat of action and negotiation are to the 27th, when it is said the Chinese had capitulated, and offered a very large sum of money for the ransom of the city, which it was then supposed would be saved.

It is scarcely necessary for us to say, that since the 11th, nothing has been done in the way of sales of imports, and that all shipment of Teas, &c. ceased on the 21st.

Sir Charles Bagot is appointed Gov. General of all her Majesty's provinces in North America.

KIND.—The Crescent City in alluding to the new goods for the winter season says:—"Now's the chance to be extravagant. Walk in, gentlemen, get more than you can pay for, the jail's handy. Walk in ladies, and ruin your husbands; a razor or a pistol will easily make you widows."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, OCTOBER 26, 1841.

THE ELECTIONS.

The late elections seem to have gone all one way. All the States where elections have occurred since the present administration came into power, with the exception of two, Tennessee and Vermont—have given immense Democratic majorities, and in some instances, a considerable increased Democratic vote from last fall. In Tennessee the Federal majority is reduced from 11,000 to 3,000. Vermont, which gave Harrison 14,482 majority, the Federal candidate for Governor, at the recent election, wants nearly 2,000 votes to elect him. The result of the elections thus far, indicate, with tolerable certainty, the existence of corrupt and fraudulent practices on the part of the Whigs, to carry the last Presidential election. That such was the case, to an alarming extent we have never entertained a doubt. The result of the late Presidential election was the manufactured expression of the wishes of a few, not the clear development of the wishes of the people, as the recent elections clearly prove. But we have other proofs, more decisive and convincing, that the recent elections, of the enormous frauds perpetrated by the Federal leaders last fall. The direct confessions of individuals who were cognizant of the frauds, and conscience-smitten, or from some other cause, have been led to make disclosures of them. Mr. Wilkins, of Ohio, one of the Federal stump orators and leaders of the party last fall, has recently been making speeches, wherein he exposes the frauds resorted to by that party to carry their points. He speaks from his own personal knowledge of the subject, and hence his reasons for abandoning a party which obtained power by such unlawful means.

Another instance—in Hamilton County, Ohio, when the Federalists colonized voters sufficient to defeat the election of Dr. Duncan to Congress,—the Democratic vote being 2419—this year, 2436—the Democratic majority is 361. Can any candid, reasonable man doubt that foul and fraudulent means were made use of? But enough, 'tis revolting to human nature.

Will our patrons bear it in mind that we are in great want of money, and contribute something to relieve our wants by paying a part, if not all, of what is due?

We know our friends do not like to be dunned, in these "hard times," and we do not like to do it, but necessity drives us. Our daily expenses are many times larger than the subscription for a single year to the Democrat, and it appears to us that our subscribers can eke out the small sum of \$2.00 without much injury to themselves, which would benefit us much.

BOSTON QUARTO NOTICE.—We have received the first number of the Boston Notion in quarto form. It is very handsomely printed on fine white paper, with new type, and in a form suitable for binding.—It is got up in a style little inferior to the most popular periodical of the day. Terms, \$3.00 per annum, in advance.

SNOW.—We learn there was quite a snow storm in the North part of this County, on Sunday last, the ground being covered from four to five inches in depth. We had a severe hail storm in this vicinity the same day, accompanied with heavy thunder and vivid lightning. No damage was sustained so far as we have heard, with the exception of a cow, belonging to Mr. Bailey of Buckfield, which was killed by lightning.

THE NEW YORK MECHANIC.—We have received several numbers of a paper published in New York city, with the above title. It is, as its name indicates, devoted exclusively to the interests of the mechanic. Every number contains designs or drawings, of some new or useful machinery, accompanied with remarks and explanations, besides other valuable and interesting matter. It is printed on handsome white paper with beautiful type, and is about the size of our own sheet. Price, \$1.50 in advance.

The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times has the following:—

"If this state of things continues, we shall whip the Feds most unmercifully at the next Presidential election. We shall beat them out of sight. Our majority will throw the whole of that immaculate party into fits—such a fit as was experienced by the old maid in the song book, who

"—went into a fit, so strong
That two young tailors swore,
They'd never seen in all their lives
So tight a fit before!"

UNITED STATES BANK.—The United States Government has commenced a suit against this institution in the District Court in Philadelphia. The action is brought against the Directors of the Bank including the three bodies of Assignees, and the amount claimed is about \$350,000. The sums claimed are for damages on the French Bill of Exchange protested by the Bank, during the administration of Gen. Jackson, and \$89,000 claimed as the balance of bonds due by the Bank for the purchase of the stock owned by the Government in the old Bank.—Argus.

MORE HARMONY.—The N. York Express, says that if "Henry Clay had remained at Ashland during the Extra session that we should have had a National Bank, and the Whig party would have been united."

"Good news and True."

PENNSYLVANIA.

The balance of power in the Pennsylvania Senate is held by two half and half men, "a little this side and a little that," viz:—Samuel A. Smith, of Bucks County, and J. W. Farrelly, from the districts composed of Crawford and Erie Counties. Mr. Smith was elected last year, chiefly but not altogether by the Whig votes, in opposition to the regular Van Buren candidate. Mr. Farrelly was chosen at the late election, chiefly but not altogether by Democratic votes, the regular Whig candidate being left in a minority. Exclusive of these two gentlemen, the Senate is divided,—16 Whigs and 15 Democrats.

ASSEMBLY.—35 Whigs and 65 Democrats. So says the Pennsylvania, which has official returns from most of the Counties.

The Pennsylvania gives official returns for Governor from 39 Counties, and the reported majorities in 15 others, leaving only Potter and McKean to be heard from. The result is, 119,059 votes for Porter and 96,517 for Banks.—Porter's majority, 22,542; which will be increased by Potter and McKean to about 23,000!

NEW JERSEY.

Though defeated, by an outrageous gerrymandering system, the Democrats have done nobly, having reduced the Federal majority from 43 to 12 on joint ballot, while in the Council, where the parties stood 13 to 5, they have effected a tie. The popular vote, as ascertained, shows, "had there been a Congressional election or a Governor chosen by the people, New Jersey would have arrayed herself with the other States, which have adjured Whiggery."

TENNESSEE.

At the recent election in this Territory, for delegate to Congress, Ex-Governor Dodge, who was turned out of office for the sin of Democracy, by the anti-prosperity party in power at Washington, was taken up by the Democrats, and elected by a majority of 1000 over Arnold, his Federal competitor.

TENNESSEE.

The official vote of Tennessee at the late election for Governor, is as follows:—

Jones, Whig,	53,566
Polk, Democrat,	53,343
Jones' majority	223

IOWA.

Dodge, Democrat, and son of Ex-Gov. D. of Wisconsin, has been elected to Congress, from Iowa Territory, by a majority of 514, over Rich, Federalist. The Democrats carried 13 of the 18 Counties.

OHIO.

The New York Journal of Commerce, of Saturday says:—The returns are now complete and the result is, a Democratic majority in each House.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

We give the aggregate vote of the State on the Constitutional questions submitted by the last Legislature, and we now give the votes of the respective Counties thereon:—

Biennial Elections. Limiting Rep at 151.			
YEAS.	NOES.	YEAS.	NOES.
York,	635	3,260	1,558
Chambersburg,	2,783	1,951	3,514
Lineco,	1,054	2,147	2,213
Hancock,	174	2,220	1,500
Washington,	492	1,150	906
Kennebec,	725	2,709	2,595
Oxford,	1,294	2,293	2,316
Somerset,	273	2,312	1,854
Penobscot,	386	3,403	1,877
Waldo,	600	1,877	1,703
Piscataquis,	145	1,442	1,151
Franklin,	242	1,691	1,116
Aroostook,	83	361	203
	8,993	26,551	23,217

The Madisonian attribute the defeat of the Whigs in the recent elections to the intention which many of the presses of that party have expressed of supporting Henry Clay as their candidate for the Presidency. It says "his pretensions have been already passed upon, and that he can never reach the goal of his ambition."

CHANGES.—The Journal of Commerce says: "It is rumored that Mr. Webster will before long leave the Cabinet, probably for some other post; that Judge Upshur will take the chair of State, and Mr. Cushing, of Massachusetts, that of the Navy."

DID NOT GO.—It seems McLeod did not go out in the Acadia, to England, after all. It was a Scotchman that "looked like him." A person who has seen them both, says, "I really believe had Mr. Moore been put beside McLeod at his trial, they would not have been able to have sent the case to the jury."—Argus.

JOHN FORSYTH, late Secretary of State, is dangerously ill at Washington, and but faint hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The Oxford (N. G.) Mercury says, that the Hon. Kenneth Rayner lies dangerously ill in Warren, in that State.

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YEARS.	NOES.
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2,213	600
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destructive doctrine, attempted to be palmed on us as a part of the legal code of nations; that that one nation in time of profound peace authorize the invasion of the territory of another, and the murder of its citizens—and claim for its subjects thus employed, immunity from punishment, by the laws of that nation whose jurisdiction they have outraged. And it is further, in denial, to one nation of the right of assumption of the crimes of its subjects, committed in another nation, when such assumption is made in order to screen them from the punishment which the violated laws inflict upon the offender. In fine, it repudiates, in toto, the de-

The steamer John W. Richmond run upon a
reef between Hallowell and Gardiner on the 20th
No injury received.

...ing a copy of this order to be published three weeks
...sirely in the Oxford Democrat printed at Par... that they
...appear at a Promote Court to be held at Paris, in said
...on, on the 1st Tuesday of January next, at ten o'clock in
...noon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same
...not be allowed,
LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

reason—or fashionable style—for ladies and gentle-
 wear, and for sale, low, by
 G. J. ORDWAY.
 Village, Sept. 13, 1841.

le by THOMAS CROCKER, Paris; HUBBARD & South Paris; A. F. Cole & Co. Burfield; W. H. Livermore; Geo. Gray, Wilton; Stephen M. Webb; Nathaniel Parley, Gray Corner; John Higginson, M. Sewall Fly, Hutton; H. C. Bartlett, Fryeburg; Nantawash, Windham (Upper Corner.)

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